

Thunder by orphan_account

Category: Stranger Things (TV 2016)

Genre: M/M, Will gets scared by thunder, also i did way too much research for this piece, also they play zelda, also this was an exercise in POV lmao, and a weather history for indianapolis to make sure the day i picked had a thunderstorm on it, i literally checked a 1986 calendar to make sure the dates were right

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Summary:

Two boys in a basement on a stormy night.

Thunder

Friday, July 25th, 1986. Will did not like thunder at all. Neither did I, to be perfectly honest. We had planned to go to the beach with the rest of the party today, but due to the fact that apparently it rains in summer, we had to cancel. Joyce went out of town with Jonathan yesterday for 4 days - finding a place for him to stay in NYC - and Will decided to stay with me for that time.

We spent the day playing Zelda in the basement. Nancy would bring hot chocolate and snacks downstairs every few hours after we called with a supercomm. It was nice. We each sat on the couch with our own respective blankets, taking turns playing the game after every death. I had beaten it already, but I wanted to go back and get everything, and Will was great at that with games.

Will and I hadn't gotten to spend a lot of time together recently. With high school kicking up the difficulty, him studying for exams and me... not doing that, and then him taking a trip to Portland for a month after school ended, we didn't get to talk a lot. But over the course of the summer, we began to hang out more again. We still hung out at the arcade after school if we got the chance, but we hadn't had any one on one time since November of last year.

It didn't take long for things to go a little sideways, though. During freshman and sophomore year of high school is when everyone says teens figure themselves out, question their personality and sexuality, etc.

This year was the first time I'd ever looked at a boy with admiration. And that boy was sitting next to me on the couch.

I don't know if he even considered it. Being a boy who likes boys is weird, and unusual. *Nobody is like this*, I first thought. Over time, I began to repress it. After me and El decided dating wasn't the path we wanted to take, I shut myself away from romance for a bit. She and I were still best friends, and I almost exclusively talked to her during the questioning period. She was the only person I told that I

liked guys. That maybe I was bisexual. But who knows. I'm a teen going through *just a phase*, right?

Right?

We were home alone in the house. Nancy had left for work at around 3:45, Mom was *at* work, and Holly was being babysat because Mom didn't trust us. It was just us in the house. It was nice until the power dropped.

The thunderclap that took the lights out brought a scream I'd never heard from Will. Within two seconds he was holding onto my chest for dear life. I don't know how he got in this position so fast, but he was there. I don't think he noticed he moved. I could feel damp patches start to form in my shirt, and I could hear small whimpers of fear coming from the small boy curled against me.

I took my blanket and surrounded him with it, giving him a sense of physical support. He became aware of what was happening, looking up at me with a hint of fear and relief and... something else... in his eyes.

"It's okay. I got you. It's just thunder," I whispered. He put his head back down, his tears not stopping. He was scared. I am too, after all, the boy I think I love is currently resting in my arms. No, the boy I *know* I love. I brought my hand up and began to stroke his hair. His grip on my shirt loosened, his shaking stopped completely. I had put him at peace.

"Hey Will," I say, "Can I tell you something?"

"What is it?" He says, adjusting himself to be at my eye level. My heart is racing a mile a minute, my palms probably sweaty as all hell. I had no idea how to go about this.

"I think," I stammered, "I think I m-m-might be..." No matter how hard I tried, I just couldn't word it the way I wanted to. I didn't know how. So I just decided I wouldn't.

Here we fucking go.

I leaned into his face, pressing my lips against his, my hand released from his head by this point. I went to pull away but I felt his hand reach around and grab my head from behind, interweaving his fingers into my hair. I placed my hand back on his head, grabbing his hair and pulling him closer to me. This was all I needed in my life. I wanted the moment to last forever.

After what couldn't have been discerned as 10 seconds, but closer to an eternity, he pulled away gently. Our eyes fluttered open and connected.

"Well," he said, a grin forming on his face. "How long have you..."

"February 14th. I saw you and some girl dancing and I just thought, 'I wish that was me dancing with him.'"

"Wow," he said.

"What about you?" I whispered.

"Long time, I don't even remember."

"Wow. So are you like..."

"I don't like girls, if that's what you're asking. I think, at least," he said confidently.

"Oh okay. I think I'm bi or something like that," I replied.

Will leaned back in and kissed me again. It wasn't as long as the first kiss, but it was still nice. I moved from my sitting position to laying down horizontally, and Will followed suit. I lay on my side, allowing Will to curl into my chest once more, as well as allowing me to hold him in my arms and rest my chin on his head. I don't know how long we stayed there, but eventually we both just fell asleep. We hadn't even noticed the thunder let up.